

Wm. H. Wey
BROWN'S EDITION.

THE
Gentle Shepherd,
BY
ALLAN RAMSAY:

His Elder

WITH THE
ORIGINAL MUSIC.

12 Nov

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
THE FAMILIAR EPISTLES,
AND A
COMPLETE GLOSSARY.

TALE TUUM CARMEN NOBIS, DIVINE POETA,
QUALE SOPOR FESSIS IN GRAMINE, QUALE PER ESTUM
DULCIS AQUE SALIENTE SITIM RESTINGERE RIVO.

VIRGIL.

AT PERTH:
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ANNO 1786.

George Washington

WASHINGTON

THE CITY

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA,

COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

Madam,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability, to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild: I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no bazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of the herald and the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: For, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of

wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature: But what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and see his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Italian registers were of as short duration as life: But the Bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour: I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini; and sing like Ovid,

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

WITH THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more résumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invoc'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve,
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears,
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate.
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In *CHARLOT's* smile, or in *MARIA's* frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the *rural state* bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand it's happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt it's stedfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts it's joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair HUMEIA's soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.

Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race,
When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She, uninvited came a welcome guest.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around:
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *happiness*! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth or mix the bowl?
 Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent, at the morning hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In *STAIR*'s wisdom, or in *ERSKINE*'s charms?
 In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost;
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurst,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
 Unlike, O *EGLINTON*! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passion freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame!
 Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
 And backward *merit* loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while pursue the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native poet's strains;
 In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
 The garb our muses wore in former years;
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 Or virtuous love the likeness of thy own;
 While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
 To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
 Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

INSCRIBED TO
JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE nipping frosts and driving snaw
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay and bra,
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously
To weaker sight*,

Set these rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine;
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
To beet his name:

For frae the North to Southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,

* To weaker sight, set these, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly.

X

INSCRIBED TO JONAH BURCHET, ESQ.

Wha vainly strave upon the tide

Where BRITAIN's royal fleet doth ride,

These doughty actions frae his pen *

Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend

How free-born BARONS faught like men,

Upon the waves,
Their faces like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you.

This country sang, my fancy flew,

Keen your just merit to pursue;

In giving praises that are due,

But ah! I fear,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;

May pow'rs aboon with kindly care

Grant you a lang and muckle skair

Of a that's good,

Till unto longest life and mair

You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sour,

And may the muses ilka hour

Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,

I'm but a callan;

Yet may I please you, while I'm your

Devoted ALLAN.

* *Frae his pen.*] His valuable Naval History.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *A rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *Two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *A bynd, engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *Thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only daughter.*

MAUSE, *An old woman, supposed to be a witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE, *A shepherd's village, and fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.*

TIME OF ACTION, *within twenty-four hours.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ACT I

SCENE I

Enter LATER, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with
Nancy, a rich young shepherdess, in love with
Symon, a poor young shepherd, in love with
Gladys, a poor young shepherdess, in love with
Bobby, a poor young shepherd, in love with

WOMEN

Enter PEGGY, the wife of the Gentle Shepherd,
Jenny, Gladys's sister, and
Mary, the wife of Symon, and
Elizabeth, Symon's wife,
and
Maggie, Gladys's sister

Enter the Shepherd, the Shepherdess, and the Shepherdess's sister

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where christal springs their balesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.



Pat. My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her



teens, fair as the day and sweet as May, Fair as the



day and always gay, My Peg-gy is a young thing, and



I'm not very auld, Yet weel I like to meet her at The



waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae



sweetly When-e'er we meet alane, I wish nae mair to



lay my care, I wish nae mair of a that's rare. My Peg-



gy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the leave I'm cauld: But



she gars a my spirits glow At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown,
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naething gies me sic delight
 As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best,
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
 At waking of the fauld.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartsome is't to see the rising plants!
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
 How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrwart fate!
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
 But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loathe the flow'r and quit the hive
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done.
 By a'ne whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
 You ha'e sae saft a voice and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak;
 They dit their lugs syne up their leglens cleck;
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
 For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
 If that be true, what signifies your gear?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were; yet I these ill's endur'd;
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the sna'.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
 The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss!
 O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench.
 Till bris'd beneath the burden thou cry dool,
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka elute,
 At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round,
 A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasing sound;
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast;
 Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
 Daft are your dreams; as daftly ye wad hide
 Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.

Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right weel I wat;
He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loe her:—but in vain,
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Ev'n while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dum tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldribe scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)—
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck?
Yonder's a craig: since ye hae tint a houp,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about:

I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me;
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist:
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw;
 Her cockernony snooded up fu sleek;
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine wastecoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer:
 But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew:
 She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd; and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.



Dear Ro-ger, if your Jen-ny geck, And answer



kindness wi' a slight, Seem unconcern'd at her ne-



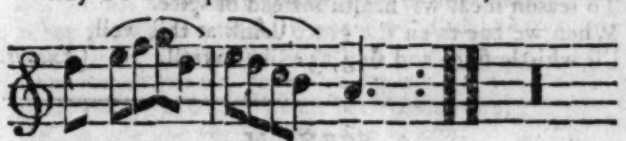
gle: For women in a man delight. But them de-



spise who're soon de--feat, And wi' a simple face give



way To a re-pulse Then be not blate; Push bauld-



ly on and win the day.

When maidens innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their cen:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer a' your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when it's too late.

Reg. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and hae sic an art
 To hearten ane :- For now as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
 (My mither, rest her saul! she made it fine)
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo',
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
 Wi' sprains like goud and siller, cross'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Weel are you wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, hald ye there :—and since ye've frankly made
 A present to me of your bra' new plaid,
 My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Reg. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
 By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we hae ta'en the grace drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trotting burnie whimpling through the ground,
 It's channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear;*

*While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG, with better sense, true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow,
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a singand din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass:
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het. we'll to the pool,
There wash oursell.—It's healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

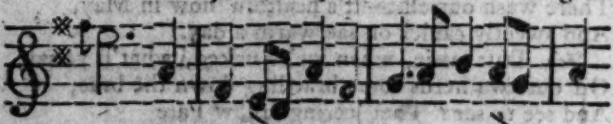
Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end.
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew-bonnet lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:

For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?* — or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide;
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dauted wean that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past;
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.



The dorty will repent if lover's heart grow



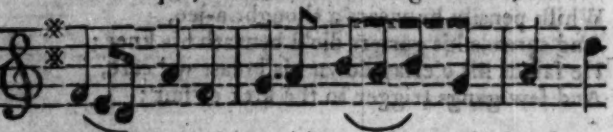
cauld; And nane her smiles will tent, Soon as



her face looks auld. The dauted bairn thus



taks the pet, nor eats tho' hunger crave; Whim-



pers and tarrows at it's meat, And's laught at



by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;

Thus by itself abus'd.

The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,

Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men:

Jen. If Roger be my jo, he kens himself,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;

But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,

I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;

The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lass! how can you loo that rattle-skull?

A very de'il, that ay maun hae his will.

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life

You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.



O dear Peg-gy, love's be - - guiling, We



o - - ught not to trust his smiling; - Pet-



Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no'? It's good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' you wi' an unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fouk and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll flyte;
And may be in his barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lounderin lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dread nae ither skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music throw my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd to my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature heffs in sauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bonny lass of Branksome! or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O! its a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-side,

Yelping for this or that wi' fashous din :
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scalds itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 The de'il gaes o'er Jock Wabster, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's you war than tongue can tell.



Peg. How shall I be sad when a husband I hae, that



has better sense than ony of thae Sour weak



silly fallows that study like fools To sink



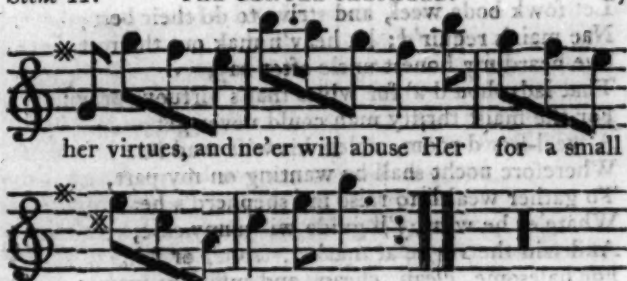
their ain joy and mak their wives snools. The man



who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife; Or wi' dull



reproaches en—cou—ra—ges strife, He prattles



her virtues, and ne'er will abuse Her for a small

failing, but find an excuse.

Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a:
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.—
The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dývour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees:
Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent,
It's not to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.

Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sauld to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we throw the world will steer:
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching cen,
 Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

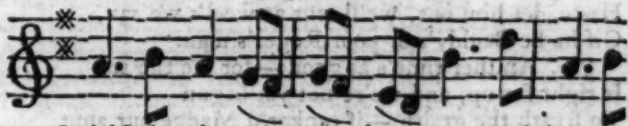
Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu' and secure his heart.
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff:
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford.

Good-humour, and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nae as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye
Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single,—(a state sac lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.



I yield, dear las—sie, you have won; And there is



nae de—nying, That sure as light flows frae



the sun, Frae love pro—ceeds com—plying.



For a' that we can do or say 'Gainst love, nae



thinker heeds us: They ken our bosoms lodge the



fae That by the heart-strings leads us.

Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug back-house, before the door a green:
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre:
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.*

*The house is Glaud's:—there you may see him lean,
And to his divot seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Gla. Good morrow, nibour Symon;—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your crummock and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

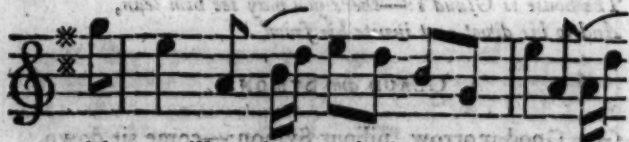
Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stand like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes,

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Symie, rattling chieles ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
But louse your poke, be't true or false let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate, to save his head:
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the rumples a right slee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby says we'll see Sir William soon.



Could be the rebels cast, oppressors base and bloody;



I hope we'll see them at the last Strung a up in a



woody. Blest be he of worth and sense and



ever high in station, That bravely stands in



the defence of conscience, king, and nation.

Gla. That maks me blyth indeed!—But dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a':
And saw ye Hab! And what did Halbert say?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And Good Sir William sall enjoy his ain. }

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent:
Nor grumbl'd; if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claihs.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat.—
 “ How’s a’ at hame?—How’s Elspa? how does Kate?
 “ How sells black cattle?—what gi’es woe this year?—
 And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.



-mble down faint, Thus vir-tue by hard-ship
 is smother'd; And rackers
 aft time and rack-ers aft time
 their rent.

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nighbour, will ye stay,
 And tak your dinner here wi' me the day?
 We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight:
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the niest town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;

A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting i' the nook :
 I saw, mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
 The meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton-bouk to boil :—and aye we'll roast ;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost ;
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice ;
 Fat are the puddings,—head and feet weel sung.
 And we've invited nighbours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er ye please I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld-birky; never fear
 But at your banquet I sall first appear.
 Faith we sall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! troth I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your good news, than what I was before,
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad. The man's ganegyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.
 What wad ye Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gla. Spin! snuff—gae brak your wheel, and burn your tow,
 And set the meiklest peck-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till you dee,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you o't!

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my sunday's coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
 My white-skin hose, and mittons for my hands;
 Then frae their washin cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge :—and Gland, I'll o'er the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e't. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and baw-raised lookye see.*

BAULDY his lane.

What's this! I canna bear't! 'tis war than hell,
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
Her ee'n the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast it's beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her, waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I wi' Neps by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow :—O but ane be a beast
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
It's sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives; a witch, that for sma price
Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice.
She can o'er cast the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out-o' their graves;

Scene III.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

47

Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and snakes;
Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expire
Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire:
Stuck fu' of pins, the devilish pictures melt;
The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
And yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes running to the de'il,
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't tho' I shou'd never thrive;
They gallop fast that de'ls and lasses drive.

Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water popland springs:
There sits a wife with wrinkl'd front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

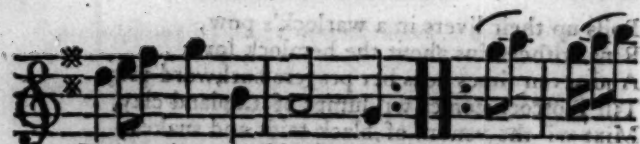
MAUSE.



Peggy now the king's come, Peggy now the



king's come; Thou may dance, and I shall sing



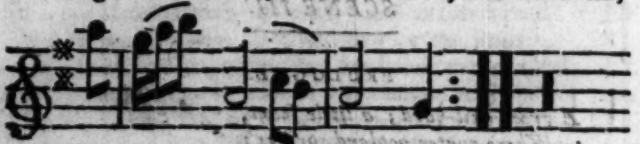
Peggy since the king's come. Nae mair



the hawkies shalt thou milk, But change thy plaid-



ing coat for silk, And be a la-dy of that ilk,



Now Peggy since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Man. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead, to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:—but something that requires
Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

Man. My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or main part of the parish tells a lie.

Mau. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell;

Mau. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw,
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Fréetock's chuffy-checked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand it's lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amaist amang the snaw;
When Mungo's Mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about:
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang you I'll be very laith:
But when I niest mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy.—Neps is fond of me.—
Peggy likes Pate; and Pate is bauld and slec;
And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see,—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me.—I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the howls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Synce rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night sae mirk I'll tine the gate.

We're a' to rant in Symie's, at a feast,
 O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
 And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
 There's nane sall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may;—but let na on what's past
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast,

Baul, If I thought o' your secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka night to France. *Exit BAULDY.*

MAUSE *ber lane.*

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and cild,
 Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
 Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkl'd witch.*
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact wi' auld Nic;
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
 Nane kens but me; and if the morn were come
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATIE and his PEGGY meet;
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;

They're as content, for ought I hear of see,
To be alane themselves I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
How saft the westlin winds sough through the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
For ought I ken may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I could fancy ought sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay;—ye joker let me gang;
Anither lass may gar you change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love;—I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half-a-year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a year.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

I mind it weel, when thou could'st hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tansy know, or rashy strand,
Thou smiling by my side:—I took delite
To pu' the rushes green, wi' roots sae white;
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hilk,
And I to milk the ew's first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briars, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain:
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Corwenknock*,
And Rosey lilt the *Milking of the ew's*;
There's nane like Nansy, Jenny Nettles sings;
At turns in *Maggie Larnder* Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Last of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try:
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.



When first my dear la—die gade to the

green hill, And I at ew—milk—ing
first sey'd my young skill, To bear the
milk bowie nae pain was to me, When
I at the bught—ing for—ga—ther'd
wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bell's
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :

Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knaws*,
And Rosey lifts sweetly the *Milking the cows*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nansy can sing;
At *Tbro' the wood-laddie*, Bess gara our lugs ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The *Boatman*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the mill*,
It's many times sweeter, and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing sweetly, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases loye's fire:
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To mak mysell better and sweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true,
But thou in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excells them a':
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wadna be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.



By the de—li-cious warmness of thy mouth,



And rowing eyes that smil-ing tell the truth, I



guess, my las-sie that as well as I you're made



for love, and why should you deny? *Pep.* But ken



ye lad, gin we con-fess o'er soon, Ye think us



cheap, and syne the wooing's done: The maiden that



o'er quick—ly tines her pow'r, like unripe fruit



will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I hae thol'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGY, falling into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

PATIE, with his left hand about her waist.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away!
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

SUNG BY BOTH.



Sun gallop down the westlin skies, Gang soon to



bed, and quickly rise; O lash your steeds, post time



away and haste a—bout our bri—dal day.



And if ye're wearied honest light Sleep gin ye like,



a week that night. And if ye're wearied honest



light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading line,
 And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
 An elv and fills his hand, his habit mean in dress;
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been,
 But whisht! it is the knight in mail clad,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad,
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves,
 Thro' his auld av'neys, an' delightfu' grieves.

Sir WILLIAM enters.

The gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
 With a full view of every fertile plain,
 Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
 Yet midst my joys, prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof; the gates fallen from their hands;
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd green the pebble walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:
 But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and neet'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly.
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth
 Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.

Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crimes!



Hid from himself, now by the dawn He starts as



fresh as roses blawn, And ranges o'er the



heights and lawn Af-ter his bleeting flocks. Health-



ful, and in-no-cently gay, He chants and whis-



les out the day; Untaught to smile, and then betray,



like courtly weather-cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unsullied with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state;
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rs good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthfu' tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 And visit round and round;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or cotty to be found.
 Yet all is clean: a clear peet-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green-bonn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their cen,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD and ELSPA.

Gla. We anes were young ourselfs.—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
*Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad.
 And better looks than his I never bade.
 Among the lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.*

El. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:
 God mak him good, and hidé him ay frae skaith.

He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That gies us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
And froth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glau'd, I doubt that will ne'er be a match:
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and atour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them giv.

Els. Ye offer fair, kind Glau'd: but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day aht days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Gla. Weel, nae mair o't;—come gie's the other bend;
We'll drink their healths whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glau'd, by some it's said,
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O Father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look;
Syne's tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say:
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

Exit JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

JENNY returns, bringing Sir WILLIAM; PATIE comes with them.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a seat,
S. Wil. I gi'e ye thanks, goodman: I se na be blate.

CLAUD drinks.

Come t'ye friend:—How far came ye the day?

S. Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;—e'en but little way:
Rousted wi' cild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. Wil. That's kind unsought.—Well, gin yeha'e a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON, pointing to PATIE.

Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e nae mae.
Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

S. Wil. Young man, let's see your hand;—what gars
ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elz. Betouch-us-too?—And weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the de'il's o'er grit wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

S. Wil. I tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd,
But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich laird.

El. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman! What think ye now?

Sym. I dindna ken: strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

PATIE'S health gae round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft times as broken a ship has come to land.

Sir WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.

El. Preserve's! the man's a warlock, or posset
Wi' some nae good,—or second sight, at least:
Where is he now?—

Gla. ————He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

El. Thae second-sighted fowk (His peace be here;)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—Elsa, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a toss of usquebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up and speaks.

A knight that for a Lion fought
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.

But now again the Lion rares,
 And joy spreads o'er the plain:
 The Lion has defeat the bears,
 The knight returns again.
 That knight, in a few days shall bring
 A shepherd frae the fauld,
 And shall present him to his king,
 A subject true and bald.
 He Mr PATRICK shall be call'd:
 All you that hear me now,
 May weel believe what I have tald,
 For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel;
 But, faith, I'm red you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
 To tell some tales that fowk wad secret keep:
 Or do ye get them tald ye in your sleep?

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;
 Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;
 But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
 That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
 The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,
 Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
 And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
 Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
 But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
 Has driven twice down to the sea,
 What I have said ye shall see done
 In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Weel, be't sae, friend, I shall say naething mair;
 But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
 Plump ripe for men: I wish you cou'd forsee
 Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets I can sift,
 Till darkness black the bent:
 I have but anes-a-day that gift;
 Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claiith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play.
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

JENNY pretends an errand bame;

*Young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.*

Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight they meet:

See JENNY's laughing; ROGER's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek!

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grien,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.

And I maun out wi' tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.

Ah! cou'd I lo'e you less I'd happy be;

But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may!
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my Father, cousin Meg I love; I
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity elac; to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss, or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent;
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mear:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love engages me,
Tho' thou shou'd scorn, still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night,
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile:
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmth in my breast,
That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.



too fond heart of mine has lang a bla - - -

ck sole true to thee

Wish'd to be pai - - -

rd wi' thine. Wish'd to be pai - -

rd wi' thine. Wish'd

to be pair'd wi' thine.

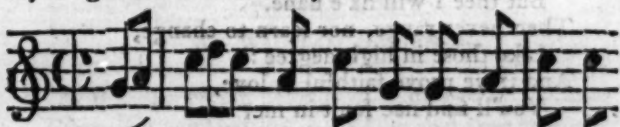
ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;

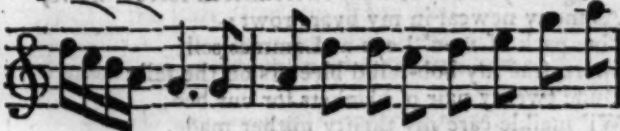
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me briss thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part.
Come press thy mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gives way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

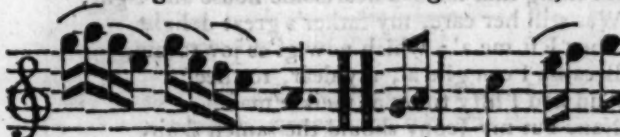
Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.



Jen. Weel, I agree, ye're sure o' me; Next to my



fa-ther gae: Mak him content to gi'e consent, He'll



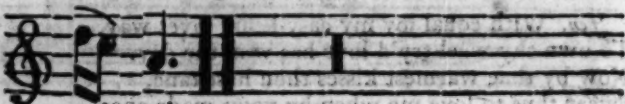
hardly say you nay: For you have what he



wad be at, and will commend you weel, Since parents



auld think love grows cauld, when bairns want milk



and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,

He'd contradict in vain;

Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,

But thee I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,

Like those in high degree:

And if ye prove faithful in love,

You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byars rowt;

Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,

Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:

Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,

Wi' meikle care my thrifty mither made.

Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight,

Was still her care, my father's great delight.

They left me a'; which now gies joy to me,

Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:

And had I fifty times as meikle mair,

Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.

My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,

And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,

Patie and Meg;—besides I maunna stay:

Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;

If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool:

Keep triste, and meet me there;—there let us meet;
To kiss and tell our love;—there's nought sac sweet.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron shewn his face;
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

S. Wil. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it lending gen'rous aid;
To bear the head up when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a wi' joy, now he's come hame.

(Sir WILLIAM draps his masking beard;

SYMON transported sees

The welcome knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenant's sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

S. Wil. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And I'm confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock :—niest, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends; which gies their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's lo'ed by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace;
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family, as to gi'e him trust.

S. Wil. Such useless branches of a commonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state mair health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—*Symon*, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed, he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave:
And whan there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best;
And his decreet stands good;—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

S. Wil. Your tale much pleases—my good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear;
And he delights in books;—he reads and speaks
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books, of hist'ry, songs, or sport :
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,

And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill,
About ane Shakspeare, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly Hawthredden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd—Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

S. Wil. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursell?

S. Wil. Well jested, Symon.—But one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mein,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
Till late, I saw him twa-three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears, but now ha'e nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a these charms,
May bless the fairest best born lady's arms.

S. Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.

Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command;
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit SYMON.

Sir WILLIAM, solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares vanish like a morning dream;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Scene describ'd in former page,
 Glau'd's onset.*

Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

Mad. Our laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir.

Mou. That's news indeed!

Mad. As true as ye stand there!

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'?*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco' look,
 Whilk frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wou'd naething ha'e.

Mau. Then surr the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the rate of woo,
 Whilk slee tod-lowry had's without his mou',
 When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
 In short, he did for Pate bray things fortell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master, round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for; happy lad was he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a the secret story soon:
 And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.

Our Meg, Poor thing, alake, has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be sac; wha kens? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
 Ev'n kings ha'e ta'en a queen out o' the plain;
 And what has been before may be again.

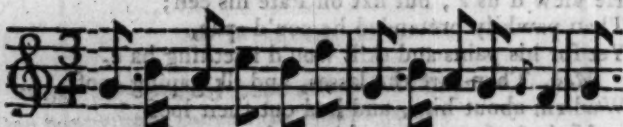
Mad. Sic nonsense! love tak root but tocher-good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain:
 Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain!
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

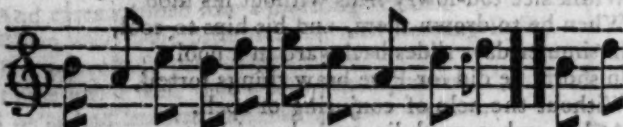
Mad. He get her! slaverin doof, it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel:
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And so wad I. But whisit, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.



Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell, ye



shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell; Ye're a



bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free; Ye're welcomer to



tak me than to, let me be.

I trow sac.—Lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their sna' ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul. ————Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask;

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task;
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me. Mause
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What ither lass will frow a mansworn herd?
The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds:
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae grey a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest!
Ye leed, auld roudes—and, in faith y'had best
Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' your cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn;—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

Flies to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt, Bauldyleen:
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;
It's sae daft like.—

BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with a bleeding nose.

Mad. ———It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal:
It sets him weel wi' vile unscrapit tongue
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns ha'e seen.

Mau. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Mad. Auld roundest filthy fallow; I sail auld ye.

Mau. Hówt no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth, now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge nae spit;
But she abusing first, was a' the wite.
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wou'd cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and loup back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiath, tak him, de'il; he's o'er lang out o' hell.

BAULDY, running off.

His presence be about us! curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

Exit BAULDY.

MADGE, laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face.
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him e'en to see, or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk resentment to decline;
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
 Syne bade him come, and we shou'd gang to wark :
 I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;
 Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;
 A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead;
 I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae; for see it's hard on night,
 The westlin clouds shines red wi' setting light. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.*

PATIE and ROGER.

Rog. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lous light;
 O, Mr Patrick, ay your thoughts were right:
 Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we
 That naething hae to brag of pedigree.
 My Jenny, now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
 I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
 She smil'd—I kiss'd—I wood, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
 Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
 He a' the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth,
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;
 Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures found
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace.
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Reg. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Fat. Duty, and hasten reason, plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
 Still in my heart, my shepherdess excells,
 And part of my new happiness repells.



Duty and part of reason, Plead strong on the



parent's side, Which love so superior calls trea-



son, The strongest must be obeyed: For now,



tho' I'm ane o' the gentry, my constancy false-



hood repells; For change in my heart has no entry;



Still there my dear Peggy ex-cells.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won :
Your Peggy's honny;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance;
To London niest; and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three ither monkey-tricks.—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death,

Rog. They wha ba'e just enough can soundly sleep :
 The o'ercome only fash'es fowk to keep.——

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the
 same :

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
 Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
 When we but pick it scantily on the bent :
 Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, and red wine.
 Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease :
 Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks na far amiss;
 But a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.

The passions rule the roast;—and if they're sowr,
 Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid wi' ease;
 While o'er the moor the shepherd wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill;
 Thae best can teach what's real good and ill.
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
 To gain these silent friends, that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy :
 Faith I'se ha'e books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky.
 But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
 Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies :—his will maun be obey'd ;
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride ;
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
 I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. *Exit ROGER.*

PATIE, solus.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loes; and her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red.——

Enter PEGGY.

My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare na think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land!

Pat. Ne'er quatrel fate, while it wi' me remains
To raise thee up or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a father's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my grief:
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire.
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me?—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate;

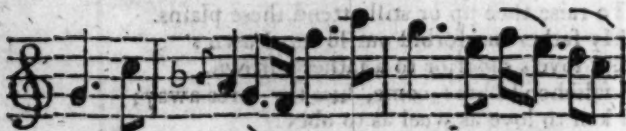
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprést,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin haff breathless round the facks of hay;
 As aft times I have fled frae thee right fain,
 And fa'n on purpose that I might be ta'en.
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.



Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief, Hold



up a heart that's sinking un--der These fears that



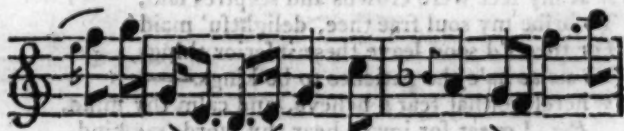
soon will want re-lief, When Pate must from his



Peggy sunder: A gent--ler face, and silk



at—tire, A—vol la—dy rich, in beauty's blos—



som, A—lake poor me! will now conspire To



steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shou'd prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd o' me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:

And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—
 Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 Wi' patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Gland;—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;
 Where I may manners learn.—



When hope was quite sunk in de—spair, my



heart it was go—ing to break; My life ap—



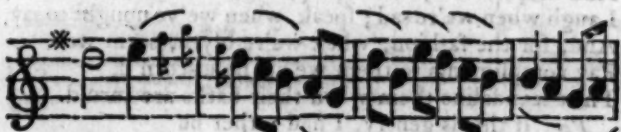
pear'd worth-less my care; But now I will say:



for thy sake. Where—e'er my love tra-



vels by day, Where—e--ver he lodg--es by



night, With me, his dear image shall stay, And



my soul keep him e'er in sight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away, till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life:
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife,

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May:
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a decay.

Nor age nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband has sense to approve.

Pat. ————— That's wisely said :
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart :
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
 Affect aft times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state :
 Laugh when we're sad ; speak, when we've nought to say,
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae.
 Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still ; —but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best
 Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense ;
 Then why, ah ! why should the tempestous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?
 Sir William's cruel that wad force his son,
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve ;
 Yet I would shun it for thy sake my love.
 But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast,
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
 Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play ;
 And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.



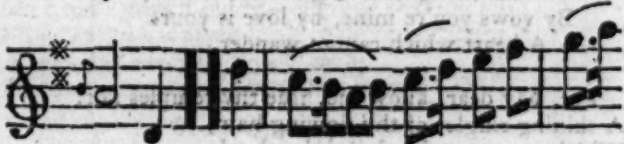
At set—ing day and ri—sing morn, Wi'



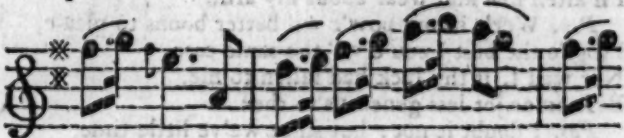
soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heav'n



thy safe re—turn, Wi' a' that can im-



prove thee. I'll vi—sit aft the birk-



en bush, Where first thou kind—ly ta—



---ld me Sweet tales of love, and hid



my blush, Whilst round thou didst in-



fald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
 Or where the simmer-day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll aften kiss and wear about my arm.

Peg. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease.
 Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not: but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
 Love's safer meaning better is exprest,
 When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like one possest,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbetton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

SYMON and BAULDY.

Sym. What want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath it's pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gar's ye shake and glowr, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' shaking fail:
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

SYMON gives him a drink.

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeously astæer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true:
And I am come to make my 'plaint to you.

K

Sir WILLIAM, smiling.

I lang to hear't——

Baul.——Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill, amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead eorse, in sheet as white as milk:
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out o' it's hool was like to loup;
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping you'll help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
'Till in a fat tar barrel Mause be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour; soon shall I obey:
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast e'er she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il.

Exit BAULDY.

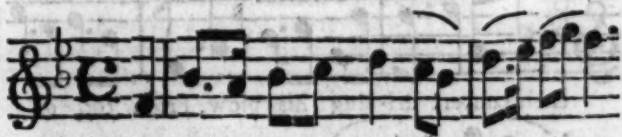
S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind
That is through want of education blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
As witches raising de'ils up through a ring,
Syne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

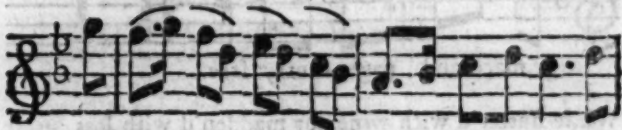
S. Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs wi' candles in his dowp;
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
 Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow:
 Then wi' his train, thro' airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride!
 Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
 Then aft by night bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools:
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either muckle sense, or yet was rich:
 But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life;
 That gars me think this hobble-shew that's past
 Will land in naething but a joke at last.

S. Wil. I'm sure it will:—but see, increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.



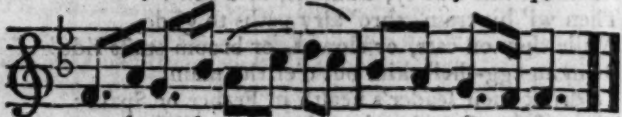
The bonny grey ey'd morn be—gins to peep,



And dark-ness flies be—fore the rising ray; The



hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep, To



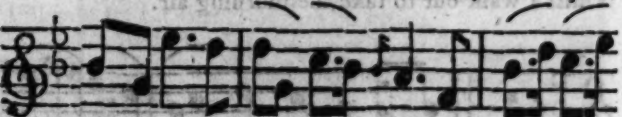
fol—low health—ful labours of the day.



Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow: The



lark and the linnet tend his levee, And he joins



their concert dri—ving his plow, From toil of



grimace and page—antry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain;

Be my portion health and quietness of mind.
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair:
 Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty through the reek;
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD, PEGGY and JENNY.

Gla. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
 Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
 Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
 But do you think, that now when he's a laird,
 That he poor landward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
 He has mair sense than slight auld friends tho' poor.
 But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
 And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But be advis'd, his company refrain:
 Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,
 Wi' her to lead a chaste and frugal life;
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag o' being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—sure if it means ought ill,
 He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill.

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;
 Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare.
 A rake's a graceless spark that thinks nae shame
 To do what like of us thinks sin to name:

Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
 To brag how often they ha'e had the clap.
 They'll tempt young things like you wi' youdith flush'd,
 Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
 Be wary, then, I say; and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
 And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
 As they are wiser, better are than we;
 But thinner sawn: They're sae puft up wi' pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell,
 Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
 Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
 think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink;
 But I'm no saying this as if I thought
 That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things;
 But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; 'we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
 To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
 Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
 At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
 And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

Exit GLAUD.

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
 'How bleer'd and red wi' greeting, look her een!
 This day her brankan woo'er taks his horse;
 To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cores;
 To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
 For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
 To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
 For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;

To leave the green swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg, maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send in hoddin-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I' ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mause,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter bear
Daft Bauldy blunty plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the tax
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

*Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY and MAUSE.*

S. Wil. And was that all! Weel, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut through a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel
But trowth I was e'en doil't to seek the de'il.
Yet wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a slee and a revengefu' —
And that my some place finds : but I had best
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, looking at PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud? —

Gla. ———— Sir, she's my niecc, —
And yet she's not? — But I shou'd hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year —

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience —

Pat. ———— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master orders, I obey. —
This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young, for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, she has past sinsyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come o' gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange! —

Pat. ——— The tale delights mine ear.

S. Wil. Command your joys young man till truth appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;
Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it shou'd be truth, I grant
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to Sir WILLIAM.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurst her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

S. Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;

L

Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

Sir WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her sit by him.

Yes surely thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail:
But no more words, till Mauso relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a confident confest:
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away;
Wi' whom I travel'd some few miles e'er day:
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, een laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage, here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

GLAUD, wi' tears of joy boping down his beard.

I weel remember't; Lord reward your love:
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this: for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.

She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

PATIE and PEGGY embrace and kneel to Sir WILLIAM.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
Whilst I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless the happy plains,
Happy, while heav'n grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

S. Wil. The base unnat'ral villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?

See how much joy unwrinkles ev'ry brow;
 Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
 Ev'n Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
 Fell Madge's taz, ond pawky Mause's plot.

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this day;
 I never from these fields again will stray:
 Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
 And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear;
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
 T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing
 What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Mause,—wi' very Madge I'm
 greed,

Altho' they skelpit me when woody fleid:
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live:—and, Bauldy, learn to steek
 Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest o' you rant,
 And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
 And my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
 For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
 And to your heirs, I give an endless feu,
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heav'n return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE, presenting ROGER to Sir WILLIAM.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom-secrets, e'er I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think na shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb; at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. Wil. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay;
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing tak,
And still our Master's right your business mak.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous; soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey:
I'll sing you ane the newest that I ha'e.

My Patie is a lo-ver gay, His mind
 is ne-ver mud-dy, His breath is sweeter
 than new hay, His face is fair and
 rud-dy. His shape is handsome mid-
 dle size, He's comely in his walk-ing, The
 shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to
 hear him tawk-ing.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing:
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly shou'd be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry PATE,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to towzel air or late
Where corn-rigs are bonny.

Exeunt Omnes.

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I see traces of a silly mind
 "Release what mind is free to working;
 Show us for working and design;
 We especially should be working."
 Then I'll comply, and make my PATR,
 And sign my cockatoo,
 It's time to towel air or late
 When cowards are *blowing*.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES,

BETWEEN

LIEUT. WILLIAM HAMILTON,

AND

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26. 1719.

O FAM'd and celebrated ALLAN!
Renowned RAMSAY, canty tallan,
There's nowther Highlandman nor lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding down Tamtallan*
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder,
Wi' wit and skill,
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excressence
To petty poets, or sic messens,
Tho' round thy stool,
They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons
At Ramsay's^s school.

Tho' Ben† and Dryden of renown
Were yet alive in London town,

* Tamtallan.] An old fortification upon the Frith of Forth in East Lothian.

† Ben.] The celebrated Ben Johnson.

Like kings contending for a crown;
 Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound
 And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 Wer't in my power, but I'd create
 "Thee upo' sight the laureat "
 Of this our age,
 Since thou mayest fairly claim to that
 As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great loss;
 And send them a' right sneaking hame
 Be Weeping-cross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to pary,
 When thou consults thy dictionary
 Of ancient words,
 Which come from thy poetic quarry
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as Aristotle,
 At Ed'nburgh we sall ha'e a bottle
 Of reaming claret,

* *Laureat.*]

Scots Ramsay press'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
 He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it:
 But *visit* Apollo, and cry'd, Peace there, Old Stile,
 Your wit is obscure to one half of the isle.

B. Sess. of Poets.

Gin that my haff-pay * siller shottle
Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll crack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aking pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain
Of true content,
Wow, wow! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue,
And gin you please it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I have done it;
Sae I conclude, and end my sonnet,
Who am most fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
Yours—*Wanton Willy.*

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline
To let you ken my haill design
Of sic a lang imperfect line,
Lies in this sentence,
To cultivate my dull engine
By your acquaintance.

* *Haff-pay.*] He held his commission honourably in
my Lord Hyndford's regiment.

And may the stars who shine aboon
With honour notice real merit,
Be to my friend auspicious soon,
And cherish ay sae fine a spirit.

Your answer therefore I expect,
And to your friend you may direct,
At Gilbertfield * do not neglect

When ye have leisure,
Which I'll embrace with great respect,
And perfect pleasure.

ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, July 10. 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, Wanton Willy,
Gin blyth I was na a silly;
Not a fu' pint, nor short-hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In gossy Don's be candle-light,
There first I sawt, and ea'd it right
And the maist feck
Wha's seen't sinesyne, they ca'd as right
As that on Heck.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna say
But I may cock my nose the day,
When Hamilton the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy,
In verse that slides sae smooth away,
Well tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend mettle,
Nae sma did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd critics it will nettle,
And e'en sae be't:
This month I'm sure I winna settle,
Sae proud I'm wi't.

* Gilbertfield.] Nigh Glasgow.

When I begund first to can verse,
 And cou'd your Ardry Whins* rehearse,
 Where bonny Heck[†] ran fast and fierce,
 It warm'd my breast;
 Then emulation did me pierce,
 Whilk since ne'er ceast.

May I be lickit wi' a bittle,
 Gin of your numbers I think little,
 Ye're never ruggit, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby.
 And hit the spirit to a tittle,
 Of standart Habby. †

Ye'll quat your quill! that were ill-willy,
 Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
 O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
 And gar ye sour,
 Then up and war them a' yet Willy,
 'Tis in your power.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
 And then to eard them round about,
 Syne to tell up, they downa lout,
 To lift the gear;
 The malison lights on that rout,
 Is plain and clear.

The chiefs of London, Cam. and Ox,
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks
 Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes
 Me to reflect

* *Ardry Whins.*] The last words of Bonny Heck, of which he was author.

† *Standart Habby.*] The elegy on Habby Simsen, pi per of Kilbarchan, a finish'd piece of it's kind.

On the leard days of Gawn Dunkell; *
Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair snack and snell.

At verse or prose;

Our kings † were poets too themsell,
Bauld and jocose.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,
I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
Wer't frae the gill-bells ‡ to the drum,
And tak a bout,
And faith I hope we'll not sit dumb,
Nör yet cast ont.

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24. 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
O sic a fike and sic a fistle
I had about it!
That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle ¶
Sae fain, I doubted.

* *Gawn Dunkell.*] Gawn Douglass, brother to the Earl of Angus, bishop of Dunkeld, who, beside several original poems, hath left a most exact translation of Virgil's *Æneis*.

† *Our kings.*] James the I. and V.

‡ *Frae the gill-bells.*] From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells from people's taking a whetting dram at that time. To the drum, at ten o'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.

¶ *Knight of the Scots thistle.*] The ancient and most noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
 How to the Nine they did content me;
 Tho' Sir, sae high to compliment me,
 Ye might deferr'd,
 For had ye but haff weel a kent me,
 Some less wad scr'd.

With joyfu heart beyond expression,
 They're safely now in my possession:
 O gin I war a winter session,
 Near by thy lodging,
 I'd close attend thy new profession
 Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there's but few
 To vie with Ramsay dare avow,
 In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
 And without fleetching,
 Thou's better at that trade, I trow,
 Than some's at preaching.*

For my part, till I'm better lear't,
 To troke with thee I'd best forbear't,
 For an' the fowk of Ed'nburgh heart,
 They'll ca' me daft;
 I'm unco.iri and dirt feart
 I mak wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nicket,
 Made me as canty as a cricket;
 I ergh to reply, lest I stick it,
 Syne like a coof

The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green ribband, to which was appended a thistle of gold, crowned with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto: "Nemo me impune lacesset."
 * *Than some's at preaching.*] This compliment is entirely free of the fulsome hyperbole.

I look, or ane whose pouch is picket
As bare's my loof.

Heh winsome! how thy saft sweet style,
And bonny auld words gar me smile;
Thou'st travell'd sure mony a mile

Wi charge and cost,
To learn them thus keep rank and file,
And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee honest Allie
(I use the freedom so to call thee)
I think them a' sae bra' and wallie,
And in sic order,
I wadna care to be thy vallic,
Or thy recorder.

Hast thou with Rosicrucians* wandert,
Or thro' some doncie desert dandert?
That with thy magic, town and landart,
For ought I see,
Maun a' come truckle to thy standart
Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black art;
'Tis thy good genius still alert,
That does inspire
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart
To thy desire.

E'en mony a bony knacky tale,
Bra' to set o'er a pint o' ale:
For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
Against a bodie,

* *Rosicrucians.*] A people deeply learn'd in the occult sciences, who convers'd with aërial beings, Gentleman-like kind of necromancers, or so.

That I wad quat ilk day a mail,
For sit a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
As either thee, or honest Habby,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet plush,
And then thou'd be as far frae shabby,
Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks;
Tis sma presumption
To say they're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
To tye up a' their lang loose lether;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it;
For an' they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet.

To learn them to peep and pry
In secret drolls twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,

And ca' them ske'lums,
I'm sure thou needs set little by
To bide their bellums!

Wi' writing I'm sae bleirt and doited,
That when I raise, in troth I stoited;
I thought I should turn capernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited
On the cald card:

Which did oblige a little duple
Upon my doup close by my rumple:

But had ye seen how I did trundle,
 Ye'd split your side,
 Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
 Like trough of Clyde.

ANSWER. H.

EDINBURGH, August 4. 1719.

DEAR Hamilton, ye'll turn me dyver,
 My muse sae bonny ye describe her;
 Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear ye rive her;
 For wi' a whid,
 Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
 She'll rin red-wood.

Said I,—— Whisht, (quothe the vougy Jade)

* William's a wise judicious lad,

* Has havins mair than e'er ye had,

* Ill-bred bog-stalker;†

But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd,

* Ye poor scull-thacker.

* It sets ye weel indeed to gadge!‡

* E'er I t' Apollo did ye gadge,

* *Rin red-wood.*] Run distracted.

† *Ill-bred bog-stalker, but me, &c.*] The muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic. Scull-thacker, i. e. thatcher of skulls.

‡ *It sets you well indeed to gadge.*] Ironically she says it becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily, and affront my benefactress, by alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.

- * And got ye on his honour's badge,
Ungrateful beast,
* A Glasgow capon and a fadge *
* Ye thought a feast.
* Swith to Castalus' fountain brink,
* Dad down a grouf, and tak a drink, †
* Syne whisk out paper, pen and ink,
And do my bidding;
* Be thankfu', else I'll gar ye stink
* Yet on a midding.

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble
Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble;
'Tis ne'er be me
Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil
Ye'r poetrie,

Frae what I've tell'd my friend may learn
How sadly I ha'e been forfainn,
I'd better been ayont side Kairn-
amount, † I trow;
I've kiss'd the taz, || like a good bairn,
Now, Sir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay counthy carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a barrel;
Be thy crown ay unclovr'd in quarrel,
When thou inclines

* *A Glasgow capon, &c.*] A Glasgow capon, i. e. a her-
ring; a fadge, i. e. a coarse kind of leaven'd bread, used
by the common people.

† *Dad down a grouf.*] Fall flat on your belly.

‡ *Kairn-amount.*] A noted hill in the north of Scotland.

|| *I've kiss'd the taz.*] Kiss'd the rod, own'd my fault
like a good child.

To knoit thrawn gabble-sumps that anarley 103 bna.
As our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel says ye're well worth gowd,
And blythness on ye's well bestow'd,
'Mang witty Scots ye'r name's be bow'd,

The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd,
Bumy shall shine.

Set out the burn side o' your shin,*
For pride in poets is nae sin;

Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And fame's their jo;

And wha blaws best the horn shall win,
And wharefore no?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain gloriatus,

Shaw scanter skill than *malos mores,*

Multi et magni men before us

Did stam and swagger,

Probatum est, exemplum Horace,

Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts fash'd wi' spleen,

Cast up the wrang side o' their een,

Pegh, fry, and gurn, wi' spite and teen,

And fa' a flyting;

Laugh, for the lively lads will screen

Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,

And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us;

Gin I can snuiter through Mundungus,

Wi' boots and belt on,

Set out the burn side o' your shin. [As if one would

say, 'Walk stately with your toes out.' An expression

used when we would bid a person merrily, look brisk.

I hope to see ye at St Mungo's * and a'ween o' a'ween
Atween and beltan.

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, August 24, 1719.

ACCCEPT my third and last essay.

Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may

Seem doilt and donsie,

Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,

Was ay right consie.

Wharefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,

'Till I made up that happy number;

The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber,

In every part,

And snoov't away † like three hand ombre,

Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, being date

August the fourth I grant receipt;

It was sae bra' gart me look blate,

'Maist tyne my senses,

And look just like poor country Kate ‡

In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish priest,

Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;

He says, thou may had up thy crest,

'And craw fu' crouse,

* St. Mungo's.] The High Church of Glasgow.

† Snoov't away.] Whirled smoothly round. Snooving
always expresses the action of a top or spindle. &c.

‡ Country Kate.] Vide Lucky Spence's Elegy: Ram-
say's Poems.

The poets a' to thee's but jest,
Not worth a souce.

The blyth and chearfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is sae profuse,
For my good havins dis me roose,
Sae very finely,
It were ill-breeding to refuse
To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlichood,
Her dialect seems rough and rude,
Let's ne'er be fleet,
But tak our bit when it is good,
And buffet wi' t.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna caymly thole her banter,
She'll tak her flings; * verse may grow scanter,
Syne wi' great shame
We'll rue the day that we do want her;
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never bread a tulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little soulzie,
In sic a barter;
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I scarce dare apen mair,
'Till I tak better wi' the lair,
My pen's sae blunted;

* *She'll take the flings.*] Turn sullen, restive, and kick.

And a' for fear I file the fair, *

And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink † makes me sae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet set me in a claret howff,

Wi' fowk that's chancy,

My muse may len me then a gowff

To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,
And a' the muses 'bout me muster,
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,

And drink the grape,

'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,

And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious

To thy atchievements maist delicious:

Thy poems' sweet and nae way vicious,

But blyth and kanny;

To see I'm anxious and ambitious,

Thy miscellany.

A' blessings, ‡ Ramsay, on thee row;

Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,

Until thou claw an auld man's pow;

And thro' thy creed,

Be keeped frae the wirricow

After thou's dead.

* *For fear I file the fair.*] This phrase is used when one attempts to do what is handsome, and is affronted by not doing it right—not a reasonable fear in him.

† *Dull draff-drink.*] Heavy malt-liquor.

‡ *A' blessings, &c.*] All this verse is a succinct cluster of kind wishes, elegantly express'd, with a friendly spirit, to which I take the liberty to add *Amen*.

ANSWER III.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 2. 1719.

My Trusty **TROJAN**,

THY last oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auld farren jokes,
And sonsie saw of three provokes

Me anes again,
Tod lowrie like, to loose my pocks,
And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly scan the man well-bred,
And soger that, where honour led,

Has ventur'd bauld;
Wha' now to youngsters leaves the yed,
To tend his fauld.†

That bang'ster billy, Caesar July,
Wha at Pharsalia wan the tooily,
Had better sped had he mair hooly

Scamper'd thro' life,
And midst his glories sheath'd his gooly,
And kiss'd his wife.

Had he like you, as well he cou'd,‡
Upon burn banks the muses woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?

* *Tod-lowrie like.*] Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more of my wiles.

† *Leaves the yed to tend his fauld.*] Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

‡ *As well be cou'd.*] 'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.

The senate's durks, and faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the rigs and bog,
Your howms, and braes, and shady scrog,
And helm a lee the claret cog,

To clear your wit :
Be blyth, and let the warld e'en shog,
As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your niest year's state,
Nor with superiors debate,
Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate ;
There's ills anew
To cram our days which soon grow late ;
Let's live just now.

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,
And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn,*
Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl,
The morn's the morn.

Thus to Luconoe † sang sweet Flaccus,
Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus :
And why should we let whimsies bawk us,
When joy's in season,
And thole sae aft the spleen to whauk us
Out of our reason ?

Tho' I were laird of ten score acres,
Nodding to jouks of hallenshakers, ‡

* *Toom the horn.*] It is frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn-cups, made in shape of a winter glass.

† *Thus to Luconoe.*] Vide Book I. line 11. Ode of Horace.

‡ *Hallensbakers.*] A Hallen is a fence (built of stone, turf, or a moveable stake of heather) at the sides of the door in country places, to defend them from the wind.

Yet crush'd wi' hum-drums, which the weaker's
 Contentment ruins,
 I'd rather roost wi' causey rakers,
 And sup cauld sowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
 A doll of roast beef pyping het,
 And wi' red wine their weyson wet,
 And cleathing clean,
 And be nae sick, or drown'd in debt,
 They're no to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,
 Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,
 Or sic and sic good belly timmer;
 Quoth she, and tengu,
 * Sicker of thae winter and simmer,
 * Ye're well enough.*

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
 But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
 Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alp-
 pines and Pyrenians.
 The chearfu' carles do sae yelp
 To ha'e's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme sae rare,
 Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,
 Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare *
 To ha'e them by them;
 Tho' gassin they wi' sides sae sair,†
 Cry, 'Wae gae by him!'

The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's
 gate, or levee, is also expressed in the term *ballensbaker*.

* *Gars fowk gat gare.*] Makes fowk very earnest:

† *Wi' sides sae sair, cry, 'Wae gae by him!'*] It is usual
 for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides,
 and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest:
 but the folks of more tender consciences have turned ex-

Fair fa' that soger did invent
To ease the poets toil wi' print :
Now, William, we maun to the bent,
And pouss our fortune,
And crack we lads wha're we'll content
Wi' this our sporting.

Gin ony sour mou'd girning bucky,
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That wi' like nags whase necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our teeth;
I'll answer fine,—Gae kiss your Lucky,*
She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,
But when I speak, I speak indeed;
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
I'll own I am sae :
And while my champers can chew bread,
Yours—ALLAN RAMSAY.

To Lieut. HAMILTON on receiving a Barrel of Lochfin
Herrings from him.

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer, +
In halesome brine a soumin,
Fu fat they are, and gusty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on;
Bra' sappy fish,
As ane cou'd wish

To clap on fadge or scon;

pletives to friendly wishes, such as this; or, 'Sonse fa' ye,' and the like.

* *Gae kiss ye'er Lucky, &c.*] Is a cant phrase, from what rise I know not; but 'tis made use of when one thinks it is not worth while to give a direct answer, or thinks themselves foolishly accused.

† *Hale and fear.*] Whole, without the least fault or want.

They relish fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares stand yon.

Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
About auld Reekie's ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
Where stoups and trunchers gingle;
Then my friend leel,
We toss ye'r heal,
And with bald brag advance,
What's hoarded in
Lochs Broom and Fin *
Might ding the stocks of France.

A jelly sum to carry on
A fishery's † désign'd,
Twa million of good Sterling pounds,
By men of money's sign'd.
Had ye but seen
How unco keen
And thrang they were about it,
That we are bald,
Right rich and ald-
Farran, ye ne'er wad doubted.

Now, now, I hope we'll ding the Dutch,
As fine as a round Robin,
Gin greediness to grow soon rich
Invites not to stock-jobbing;
That poor boss shade
Of sinking trade,
And weather-glass politic,

* *Broom and Fin.*] Two lochs on the western seas, where plenty of herrings are taken.

† *A fishery.*] The Royal fishery; success to which is the wish and hope of every good man.

Which heaves and sets
As public gets

A heezy or a wee kick.

Fy, fy! but yet I hope 'tis daft
To fear that trick come hither;
Na, we're aboon that dirty craft
Of biting ane anither.

The subject rich
Will gi'e a hitch

T' increase the public gear,

When on our seas,

Like bisy bees,

Ten thousand fishers steer.

Could we catch the united shoals

That crowd the western ocean,

The Indies would prove hungry holes,

Compar'd to this our Goshen:

Then let's to wark

With net and bark,

Them fish and faithfu' cure up;

Gin sae we join,

We'll cleck in coin

Frae a' the ports of Europe.

Thanks t'ye, Captain, for this swatch

Of our store, and your favour;

Gin I be spar'd, your love to match

Shall still be my endeavour.

Next unto you,

My service due

Please gi'e to Matthew Cummin.*

Wha with fair heart

Has play'd his part,

And sent them true and trim in.

* *Matthew Cummin.*] Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late magistrates in that city.

GLOSSARY;

OR,

EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* words used by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* language.

Some General Rules, showing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away, or added.

I. In many words ending with an l after an a, or u, the lis rarely sounded.		Scots.	English.
A' Bs,	ALL.	Bow,	Boll.
Ca,	Call.	Bowt,	Bolt.
Fa,	Fall.	Caff,	Calf.
Ga,	Gall.	Cow,	Coll, or Clip.
Ha,	Hall.	Faut,	Fault.
Sma,	Small.	Fause,	Falis.
Sta,	Stall.	Fowk,	Folk.
Wa,	Wall.	Fawn,	Fallen.
Fou, or Fu,	Full.	Gowd,	Gold.
Pou, or Pu,	Pull.	Haff,	Half.
Woo, or U,	Wool.	How,	Hole or Hollow
		Howms,	Holms.
		Maut,	Matt.
		Pow,	Poll.
		Row,	Roll.
		Scawd,	Scald.
		Stown,	Stoln.
		Wawk,	Walk.
II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o, or a, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,		III. An o before ld, changes to an a, or au; as,	
Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
BAwm,	BAlm.	A Uld,	OLD.
BAwk,	Baukt.	BAuld,	Beld.
Bouk,	Bulk.		

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Cauld.	Cold.	Halksome,	Wholesome.
Fauld,	Fold.	Hame,	Home.
Hald, or had,	Hold.	Hait, or het,	Hot.
Sald,	Sold.	Laith,	Loath.
Tald,	Told.	Laid,	Load.
Wad,	Would.	Lain, or len,	Loan.
		Lang,	Long.
		Law,	Low.
IV. <i>The o, oe, or ow, is</i>		Mac,	Moë.
<i>changed to a, ac, or ai; as;</i>		Maist,	Moit.
<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>	Mair,	More.
A E, or ane,	ONE.	Mane,	Moan.
Aecten,	Oaten.	Maw,	Mew.
Aff,	Off.	Na,	No.
Aften,	Often.	Nane,	None.
Aik,	Oak.	Naithing,	Nothing.
Aith,	Oath.	Pape,	Pope.
Ain, or awn,	Own.	Rae,	Roe.
Alane,	Alone.	Rair,	Rear.
Amaist,	Almost.	Raip,	Rope.
Amang,	Among.	Raw,	Row.
Airs,	Oars.	Saft,	Soft.
Aits,	Oats.	Saip,	Scap.
Apen,	Open.	Sair,	Sore.
Awner,	Owner.	Sang,	Song.
Bain,	Bone.	Slaw,	Slow.
Bair,	Bore.	Snaw,	Snow.
Baith,	Both.	Strake,	Streak.
Blaw,	Blow.	Staw,	Stole.
Braid,	Broad.	Stane,	Stone.
Claith,	Cloth.	Saul,	Soul.
Craw,	Crow.	Tae,	Toe.
Drap,	Drop.	Taiken,	Token.
Fae,	Foe.	Tangs,	Tongs.
Frae,	Fro, or From.	Tap,	Top.
Gae,	Go.	Thrang,	Throng.
Gaits,	Goats.	Wae,	Woe.
Grane,	Groan.	Wame,	Womb.
Haly,	Holy.	Wan,	Won.
Hale,	Whole.		

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
War,	<i>Worse.</i>	Brither,	<i>Brother.</i>
Wark,	<i>Work.</i>	Fit,	<i>Foot.</i>
Warld,	<i>World.</i>	Fither,	<i>Fother.</i>
Wha,	<i>Who.</i>	Hinny,	<i>Honey.</i>
		Ither,	<i>Other.</i>

V. The o, or u, is frequently changed into i; as,

Scots.	English.
A Nither,	<i>A Notber.</i>
Bill,	<i>Bull.</i>
Birn,	<i>Burn.</i>

Mither,	<i>Mother.</i>
Nits,	<i>Nuts.</i>
Nise,	<i>Nose.</i>
Pit,	<i>Put.</i>
Rin,	<i>Run.</i>
Sin,	<i>Sun.</i>

A *Blins*, perhaps.
Aboon, above.
Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.
Air, long since, early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.
Amharie, cup-board.
Anew, enough.
Arles, earnest of a bargain.
As, ashes.
At ain, or *at anis*, at once, at the same time.
Attour, out-aver.
Auld-fairan, ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or *pagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.
Awosome, frightful, terrible.
Aynd, the breadth.

B
Back-sey, a surloin.
Badrans, a cat.
Baid, staid, abode.
Bairns, children.
Balen, whale-bone.
Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it came wi' a bang. A bang also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang*.
Bangter, a blustering roaring person.
Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.

Barken d, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion.
Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, cholic.
Barwbet, halfpenny.
Bouch, sorry, indifferent.
Barwy, barwsand-fac'd, is a cow or a horse with a white face.
Bedeem, immediately, in haste.
Befi, beaten.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to bank.
Beild, or *beil*, a shelter.
Bein, or *been*, wealthy. *A been house*, a warm well-furnished one.
Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.
Bended, drunk hard.
Benn, the inner room of a house.
Bennison, blessing.
Bensell, or *bensail*, force.
Bent, the open field.
Beuk, baked.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.

- Bigg*, build. *Bigget*, built.
Biggings, building.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billy, brother.
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-stall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it, *birling a barabee*.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise.
Birs'd, bruised.
Bittle, or *beetle*, a wooden mull for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when braised.
Blastum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleech, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer, to make the eye water.
Bleene, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse.
Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Boak, or *bok*, vomit.
Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall.
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided or furnished.
Bodle, one sixth of a penny English.
Badword, an ominous message. *Badwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.
Bosi, empty.
Bouk, bulk.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bouwe, to drink.
Brochen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.
Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.
Brattle, noise, as of horsefeet.
Bratt, rags.
Braw, brave, fine in apparel.
Bricken, fern.
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead.
Brigs, bridges.
Briis, to press.

Beck, a badger.
Bree, broth.
Browden, fond.
Browster, brewer.
Browst, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by a *thrown bucky*.
Buff, nonsense. As, *Hebble-ber'd buff*.
Bugbt, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking time.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide.
Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.
Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats.
Bumbler, a bungler.
Burn, a brook.
Bust, to deck, dress.
Bustine, fustian (cloth.)
But, often for *without*; as, *but feed*, or *favour*.
Bykes, or *bikes*, nests or hives of bees.
Bygane, bypast.
By-word, a proverb.

C

Cadgs, carry. *Cadger* is a country carrier.

Caff, a calf. *Chaff*.
Callan, a boy.
Camsbough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.
Cangle, to wrangle.
Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.
Canna, cannot.
Cant, to tell merry old tales.
Catraips, incantations.
Canty, chearful and merry.
Capernoited, whimsical ill-natured.
Car, sledge.
Carena, care not.
Carle, a word for an old man.
Carline, an old woman. *Gircarline*, a giant's wife.
Catbel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.
Cauldrife, spiritless. Wanting chearfulness in address.
Cauler, cool or fresh.
Cauck, chalk.
Chafits, chops.
Chaping, an ale-measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.
A-char or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, They're *a-char* or *a-jar*.
Charlewain, Charles-wain, the constellation called the *Plow*, or *Ursa Major*.
Chasey, fortunate, good-natured.
Cbat, a cant name for the gallows.

- Chiel*, a general term like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *That chiel*.
Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.
Chucky, a hen.
Glan, tribe, family.
Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
Clashes, chat.
Glatter, to chatter.
Glaught, took hold.
Claver, to speak nonsense.
Claw, scratch.
Gleck, to catch as with a hook.
Gleugh, a den betwixt rocks.
Clinty, hard, stony.
Glock, a beetle.
Glosted, the fall of any soft moist thing.
Gloss, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.
Glowr, the little lump that rises on the head occasioned by a blow or a fall.
Glute or doot, hoof of cows or sheep.
Cookernary, the gathering of a woman's hair when it's wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood.
Cockstool, a pillory.
Cod, a pillow.
Cost, bought.
Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their postage in.
Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards inclining to fall.
Coodie, a small wooden vessel, used by some for a chamber-pot.
Coof, a stupid fellow.
Coer, to cover.
Coover, a ston'd horse.
Coast, did cast. *Coosten*, thrown.
Corby, a raven.
Cosie, sheltered in a convenient place.
Cotter, a subtenant.
Cowp, to fall; also, a fall.
Cowp, to change, barter.
Cowp, a company of people; as merry, senseless, corky *cowp*.
Cour, to crouch and creep.
Couth, frank and kind.
Crack, to chat.
Criel, basket.
Crish, grease.
Croil, a crooked dwarf.
Croone or crant, to murmur or hum over a song. The lowing of bulls.
Crouse, bold.
Crove, a cottage.
Crummy, a cow's name.
Gryn, shrink, or become less by drying.
Gudrigb, a bribe, present.
Culzie, intice or flatter.
Cun, to taste, learn, know.
Cunzie or coonie, coin.
Curn, a small parcel.
Cirrasbe, a kerchief. *Ar li*

men dress wore by our Highland women.

Culted, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.

Cutty, lots. These cutts are usually made of straws unequally cut.

Cutty, short.

D

DAB, a proficient.

Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell wi' a dad*.

He dadded his head against the wall.

Daft, foolish, and sometimes wanton.

Daffin, folly, waggersy.

Dail or dale, a valley, a plain.

Daintiths, dainties, delicates.

Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.

Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter.

Dang, did *ding*, beat, thrust, drive.

Ding dang, moving hastily one on the back of another.

Darn, to hide.

Dash, to put out of countenance.

Darvy, a fondling, darling.

To daut, to cocker and caress with tenderness.

Dave, to stun the ears with noise.

Dees, dairy-maids.

Derry, merriment, jollity,

solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.

Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.

Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.

Derugs, rags or shapings of cloth.

Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.

Digs, decked, made ready, also to clean.

Dimna, do not, dam.

Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.

Dis, to stop or close up a hole.

Dives, broad turf.

Dosken, a dock, (the herb.)

Doit, confus'd and silly.

Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age.

Doll, a large piece, *dole* or share.

Dunk, moist.

Donje, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little person.

Donsart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.

Dool or drule, the goal which gamblers strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball.)

Dool, pain, grief.

Dorte, a proud pet.

Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disoblige.

Dosend, cold, impotent.

Dought, could, avail'd.

Doughty, strong, valiant and able.

Douks, dives under water.

Douse, solid, grave, prudent.

Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.

Dow, dove.

Dow'd (liquor,) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant.)

Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.

Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful.

Downa, *dow* not; i. e. tho' one has the power, he wants the heart to do it.

Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell.

Better buff egg than downp.

Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.

Dree, to suffer, endure.

Dreiry, wearisome, frightful

Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.

Dribs, drops.

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.

Droning, sitting lazily, or mooving heavily. Speaking with groans.

Drouked, drenched, all wet.

Dubs, mire.

Dung, defeat.

Dunt, stroke or blow.

Dunty, a doxy.

Dark, a poignard or dagger.

Dynles, trembles, shakes.

Dyoe, a bankrupt.

E

E, incites, stirs up.

Eard, earth, the ground.

Edge (of a hill,) is the side or top.

Een, eyes.

Eild, age.

Eildeens, of the same age.

Eitb, easy. *Eitbar*, easier.

Elbuck, elbow.

Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies.

Elsen, a shoemaker's awl.

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

Endlang, along.

Ergb, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution.

Eris, time past.

Estler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *estler* work.

Ether, an adder.

Ettle, to aim, design.

Euen'd, compar'd.

Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

Fae, a foe, an enemy.

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread, in shape of a roll.

- Fag*, to tire or turn away.
Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.
Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, *Fain would I*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.
Fait, neat, in good order.
Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.
Fang, the talons of a fowl.
To fang, to grip or hold fast.
Fash, vex or trouble. *Fashous*, troublesome.
Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh rigs*, fallow ground.
Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maist feck*, the greatest number, *nae feck*, very few.
Feckfow, able, active.
Feckless, feeble, little, and weak.
Feed or fead, feud, hatred, quarrel.
Feil, many, several.
Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. *Maak a fen*, fall upon methods.
Fertie, wonder.
Fernzier, the last or fore-run year.
File, to defile or dirty.
Fireslaught, a flash of lightning.
Fistle, to stir. *A stir*.
Fitted, the print of the foot.
Fixing, whizzing.
Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.
Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.
Flane, an arrow.
Flang, flung.
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.
Flaw, lie or fib.
Flecteb, to cox or flatter.
Fleg, fright.
Flewet, a smart blow.
Fley or fle, to affright. *Fleyt* afraid or terrified.
Flinters, splinters.
Flit, to remove.
Flite or flyte, to scold, chide.
Flet, did scold.
Flushes, floods.
Fog, moss.
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day light.
Forby, besides.
Forebearers, forefathers, ancestors.
Forfain, abused, bespattered.
Forfoughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting.
Forgaist, opposite to.
Forgetber, to meet, encounter.
Forleet, to forsake, or forget.
Forestam, the forehead.
Fouth, abundance, plenty.
Foxy, spurgy, soft.

Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one *makes a frais* when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.

Fray, hustle, fighting.

Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremit, strange, not a kin.

Fristed, trusted.

Fruib, brittle, like bread baked with butter.

Fuff, to blow. *Fuffa*, blowing.

Furder, prosper.

Furthy, forward.

Fush, brought.

Furlet, four pecks.

Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.

GAb, the mouth. To prat.

Gab sae gab.

Gabbing, prattling pertly. To *gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To *garw*, to laugh.

Gait, a goat.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cause or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.

Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet*, *gash-beard*.

Gete, way.

Gawnt, yawn.

Gawty, idle, staring, idiotical person.

Gawn, going.

Gawt, galls.

Gawry, jolly, buxome.

Gech, to mock.

Gead or *gade*, went.

Genty, handsome, genteel.

Get or *brat*, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

Gielanger, an ill-debter.

Gisuf.

Gillygacus or *gillygapus*, a staring gaping fool, a gormandizer.

Gilpy, a roguish boy.

Gimmer, a young sheep (ew.)

Gin, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good for nothing fellow.

Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glais*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glau*.

- mour* over the eyes of the spectator.
Glar, mire, oozy mud.
Glas, to squint.
Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glowming, the twilight, or evening gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glunsh, to hang the brow and grumble.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds.
Gossie, gossip.
Gotwans, daisies.
Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.
Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call a *gowf on the baffet*.
Gowk, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject a *gowk*.
Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate and frightful.
Grany, grandmother; any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork; also to grope.
- Gree*, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Groff, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounce or *glunsh*, to murmur, grudge.
Gruuten, wept.
Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold.
Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
Gyttings, young children.

H

- Haffet*, the cheek, side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse napery.
Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halesome, wholesome; as, *bale*, whole.
Hallen, a screen.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Harle, drag.

Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the skull.

Harsnip, ruin.

Hash, a sloven.

Haveren or *haveret*, id.

Haugh, are valleys or low grounds on the sides of rivers.

Hawins, good breeding.

Haviour, behaviour.

Hass, the throat, or fore part of the neck.

Heal or *heal*, health or whole.

Heepy, a person hypochondriac.

Heerystrues, the night before yesternight.

Heen, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *beeny* is a good lift.

Hesit, accustomed to live in a place.

Heght, promised; also named.

Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.

Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.

Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt; also in yarn, a certain number of threads.

Hether-bells, the heath blossom.

Hengb, a rock or steep hill; also a coal-pit.

Hiddils or *hidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *bidlings*, i. e. privately.

Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.

Hirde or *hirdele*, a flock of cattle.

Ho, a single stocking.

Hobblersbew, a confused racket, noise.

Hool, husk. *Hoof'd*, inclos'd.

Hooly, slow.

Hoot or *whoot*, to cough.

How or *bu*, a cap or roof-tree.

How, low ground, a hollow.

How! ha!

Howdered, hidden.

Howdy, midwife.

Howk, to dig.

Howms, plains or river sides.

Howt! sy!

Howtowdy, a young hen.

Huckle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedgehog, or hare.

Hut, a hevel.

Hyt, mad.

Jack, jacket.

Jag, to prick as with a pin.

Jaw, a wave or gush of water.

Jawp, the dashing of water.

Jeesboggles, icicles.

Jee, to incline to one side.

To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.

Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.

Jimp, slender.

Jip, gypic.

Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every.

Ingan, onion.

Ingle, fire.

Jo, sweetheart.

Jowak, a low bow.

Jrie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also melancholy.

I'se, I shall; as, *I'll*, for I will.

Isles, embers.

Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.

Jute, sour or dead liquor.

Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

K

K Aber, a raster.

Kale or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.

Kachy, to dung.

Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.

Kame, a comb.

Kanny or *canny*, fortunate; also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.

Kebbusk, a cheque.

Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.

Kedgy, jovial.

Keek, to peep.

Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.

Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time.

Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing

within ken, i. e. within view.

Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

Kiest, did cast. *Vid. Coust.*

Kilted, tucked up.

Kimmer, a female gossip.

Kirn, a churn, to churn.

Kirtle, an upper petticoat.

Kitchen, all sorts of eatables except bread.

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.

Knacky, witty and facetious.

Knit, to beat or strike sharply.

Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.

Knoost or *knoist*, a large lump.

Knoo, a hillock.

Knoblock, a knob.

Knukler, only used in Scotland for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.

Kora, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.

Ky, kine or cows.

Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*

Kyte, the belly.

L

L Aggart, bespattered, covered with clay.

Laigh, low.

- Laits*, manners.
Lak or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.*
Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.
Lane, alone.
Languor, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *languor*, i. e. to divert him.
Lankale, colewort uncut.
Lap, leaped.
Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.
Love, a place for laying, or that has been lain in.
Lare, bog.
Lave, the rest or remainder.
Larwin, a tavern reckoning.
Lawland, low country.
Lavrock, the lark.
Lawty or *lawtitib*, justice, fidelity, honesty.
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful, to trust, loyal.
A leal heart never lied.
Leam, flame.
Learn, learning, to learn.
Lee, untill'd ground; also an open grassy plain.
Leylen, a milking pail with one lug or handle.
Leman, a kept miss.
Lends, buttocks, loins.
Leugh, laughed.
Lew-warm, lukewarm.
Libbit, gelded.
Lick, to whip or beat; *item*, a wag or cheat, we call a great *lick*.
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.
Lift, the sky or firmament.
Liggs, lyes.
Lilt, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence *Lilt up a spring.* *Lilt it out*, take off your drink merrily.
Limmer, a whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a cataraet.
Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
Lingle, cord, shoemaker's thread.
Linkan, walking speedily.
Lire, breasts; *item*, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.
Lisk, the flank.
Lith, a joint.
Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
Loch, a lake.
Los, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the hand.
Looms, tools, instruments in general, any vessel.
Loot, did let.
Lorw, flame.
Lowan, flaming.
Lown, calm. *Keep lown*, be secret.
Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
Lounder, a sound blow.
Lout, to bow down, making courtesey.

Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence *Lucken-banded*, close fisted; *Luc-en Gowans*, *Boots*, &c.

Lucky, grandmother or goody.

Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.

Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.

Lum, the chimney.

Lure, rather.

Lyart, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

M

Maigil, to mangle.

Maik or *make*, match, equal.

Maikless, matchless.

Mailen, a farm.

Makly, seemly, well proportioned.

Makna, it is no matter.

Mallison, a curse, malediction.

Mangit, gall'd or bruised by toil or stripes.

Mank, a want.

Mant, to stammer in speech.

March or *merch*, a land-mark or border of lands.

Marb, the marrow.

Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.

Mask, to mash in brewing.

Mashing-loom, mash-vat.

Mawn, must. *Maunna*, must not, may not.

Meikle, much, big, great, large.

Meith, limit, mark, sign.

Mends, satisfaction; revenge, retaliation. *To make amends*, to make a grateful return.

Mense, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding. *Mensfu* mannerly.

Mennie, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.

Messen, a little dog, lap-dog.

Midding, a dunghill.

Midges, gnats, little flies.

Mim, affectedly modest.

Mint, aim, endeavour.

Mirk, dark.

Miscaw, to give names.

Mischance, misfortune.

Misken, to neglect, or not to take notice of one; also let alone.

Mistushaws, malicious, rough.

Misters, necessities, wants.

Mittans, woollen gloves.

Mony, many.

Mools, the earth of the grave.

Mou, mouth.

Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.

Mow, a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn.

Mowus, jests.

Muckle, see *Meikle*.

Murgullied, mismanaged, abused.

Mutch, coil.

Mutchkin, an English pint.

N

Nachy or *knachy*, clever, active in small affairs.

Nise, nose.

Nettle, to fret or vex.

Newfangle, fond of a new thing.

Nevel, a sound blow with the nine or fist.

Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nick-ed*, cheated; also as a cant word to drink heartily; as, *be nicks fine*.

Nist, next.

Niffer, to exchange or barter.

Niffnaffan, trifling.

Nignays, trifles.

Nips, hits.

Nither, to straiten. *Nither-ed*, hungered, or half starved in maintenance.

Nive, the fist.

Noch, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.

Nait, see *knait*.

Nowut, cows kine.

Nowther, neither.

Nuckle, new-calv'd (cows.)

O

O E, a grandchild.

O'er or *ouer*, too much; as, *A' o'ers is vice*.

O'ercome, surplus.

Ony, any.

Or, sometimes used for ere,

or before. *Or day*, i. e. before day break.

Ora, any thing over what's needful.

Orp, to weep, with a convulsive pant.

Oughtless, in the least.

Owk, week.

Owerkey, a cravat.

Owsen, oxen.

Owtber, either.

Oxter, the arm-pit.

P

PAddock, a frog.

Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs.

Paiks, chastisement. *To paik* to beat or belabour one soundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, witty, or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad design.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegh, to pant.

Pensy, finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling.

To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence to take the *pett*, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly *petts* are when in the least disobliged.

Pibrochs, such Highland tunes as are played on bagpipes before them, when they go out to battle.

Pig, an earthen pitcher.

Pike, to pick out or choose.

Pimpin, pimping, mean, scurvey.

Pins, pain or pining.

Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard.

Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. *Pirny* (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, stripped.

Pish, strength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.

Pople or *paple*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.

Poorritch, poverty.

Poyuny, a little horse or gallo-way; also a turkey.

Pous, to push.

Pouch, a pocket.

Pratich, practice, art, stratagem. *Priving pratich*, trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, *He play'd me a pret*, i. e. cheated. *The callan's fou o' pretts*, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or im-

portune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin.

Prive, to prove or taste.

Propine, gift or present.

Pryne or *prime*, to fill or stuff.

Putt a stane, throw a big stone.

Qury, a young cow.

R

Rackless, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless banded*,

Rae, a roc.

Raffan, roving, merry, hearty

Raird, a loud sound.

Rair, a roar.

Rak or *rock*, a mist or fog.

Rampage, to speak and act furiously.

Rasber, rushes.

Rave, did rive or tear.

Raught, reached.

Rax, to stretch. *Rax'd*, reach'd.

Ream, cream. Whence *reaming*; as, *reaming liquor*.

Redd, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.

Rede, counsel, advice; as, *I woad na rede ye to do that*.

- Reek*, reach, also smoke.
Reest, to rust, or dry in the smoke.
Rest, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.
Reis, rapine, robbery.
Reik or *rink*, a course or race.
Rever, a robber or pirate.
Retwb, pity.
Rice or *rise*, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.
Ryse or *rife*, plenty.
Rift, to belch.
Rippling, the back or ridge of a house.
Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins.
Rock, a distaff.
Rouse or *ruse*, to commend, extol.
Rrove, to rivet.
Rottan, a rat.
Roundel, a witty, and often a satiric kind of rhyme.
Rowan, rolling.
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.
Rowth, plenty.
Rick, a rick or stack of hay or corn.
Rude, the red taint of the complexion.
Rueful, doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off.
- Runkle*, a wrinkle.
Rundle, to ruffle.
Saebeins, seeing it is, since.
Saithless, guiltless, free.
Sain'd, blessed.
Sall, shall, Like sound for should.
Sand-blind, pur-blind, shortsighted.
Sar, savour or smell.
Sark, a shirt.
Saugb, a willow or sallow tree.
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression.
Scald, scald.
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washen down with rain.
Sear, to scratch.
Scarp, a bare dry piece of stony ground.
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock.
Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Scrimp, narrow, straitened, little.
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briars.
Scroggy, thorny.
Scudg, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
Scunner, to loath.

Sell, self.

Seueb, furrow, ditch.

Sey, to try.

Seybow, a young onion.

Shan, pitiful, silly, poor.

Sharn, cows dung.

Sharv, a wood or forest.

Shawp, shallow.

Shawps, empty husks.

Shcen, shining.

Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound.

Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *shire*; also a clever wag, a *shire lick*.

Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.

Shool, shovel.

Shoon, shoes.

Shore, to threaten.

Shotle, a drawer.

Sib, a kin.

Sic, such.

Sicker, firm, secure.

Sike, a rill, or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.

Siller, silver.

Sindle or *sinle*, seldom.

Sinsyne, since that time.

Lang sinsyne, long ago.

Skaill, to scatter.

Skair, share.

Skaith, hurt, damage.

Skeigh, skittish.

Skelf, shelf.

Skelp, to run. Used when one runs barefoot. Also a small splinter of wood.

Item, to flog the hips.

Skiff, to move smoothly away.

Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows hams, or knuckles; also to fill drink in a cup.

Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.

Sklate, slate. *Skailie*, is a fine blue slate.

Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.

Skreed, a rent.

Skybald, a tatterdemalion.

Skyl, fly out hastily.

Slade or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.

Slap or *slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills. *Slap*, a breach in a wall.

Sleek, smooth.

Sleet, a shower of half melted snow.

Slerg, to bedaub or plaister.

Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid loun*.

Slidry, slippery.

Slippery, sleepy.

Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade throw a mire.

Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.

Slough, husk or coat.

Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.

Smirky, smiling.

Smittle, infectious, catching.

R

- Smoor*, to smother.
Snack, ready, nimble, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the web's end*.
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check, or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also a pitiful grovelling slave.
Snoove, to whirl round.
Snotter, snot.
Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonzy, happy, lucky, fortunate, sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, reddish coloured.
Sorn, to sponge.
Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowins, flummery, or oatmeal sowred amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to connover a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to fortel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.
Spait, a torrent, flood or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, enquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, or draw asunder.
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Spraings, stripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Sprush, spruce.
Spruttled, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.
Stang, did sting, also a sting or pole.
Stank, a pool of standing water.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety. We say *Ne'er a starn*.
Stay, steep; as, *Set a stout heart to a stay brae*.

- Steck*, to shut, close.
Stegh, to cram.
Stend or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a steer or bullock.
Stoit or *stot*, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A flou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, smarting pain or stitch.
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet. *To stour*, to run quickly.
Stowth, stealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.
Strath, a plain on a river side.
Streek, to stretch.
Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little.
Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw.
Stroot or *strut*, stuff'd full, drunk.
Strunt, a pet. *To take the strunt*, to be petted or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy.
Sturdy, giddy-head^e, *item*, strong.
Sture or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.
Suddle, to sully or defile.
Sumpb, blockhead.
Sunkan, splenetic.
Sunkots, something.
Swak, to throw, cast with force.
Swankies, clever young fellows.
Swarf, to swoon away.
Swash, squat, fuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swats, small ale.
Swecht, burden, weight, force.
Sweer, lazy, slow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death.
Swith, begone quickly.
Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
Syne, afterwards, then.

T

- T Ackel*, an arrow.
Taid, toad.
Tane, taken.
Tap, a head, Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a *Lint-tap*.
Tape, to use any thing sparingly.
Tappit-ben, the Scots quart stoup.
Tarrow, to refuse what we love from a cross-humour.
Tartan, cross striped stuff

- of various colours, check-
ered. The Highland
plaid.
- Tast*, a little dram-cup.
- Tate*, a small lock of hair,
or any little quantity of
wool, cotton, &c.
- Taunt*, to mock.
- Tawpy*, a foolish wench.
- Taz*, a whip or scourge.
- Ted*, to scatter, spread.
- Tea*, a little earth on which
gamesters at the *gowf* set
their balls before they
strike them off.
- Teen* or *Tynd*, anger, rage,
sorrow.
- Teet*, to peep out.
- Tensome*, the number of ten.
- Tent*, attention. *Tenty* cau-
tious.
- Tback*, thatch. *Thacker*,
thatcher.
- Thae*, those.
- Tharmes*, small tripes.
- Theek*, to thatch.
- Thig*, to beg or borrow.
- Thir*, these.
- Thele*, to endure, suffer.
- Thow*, thaw.
- Thowless*, unactive, silly,
lazy, heavy.
- Thrawart*, froward, cross,
crabbed,
- Thrawin*, stern and cross-
grained.
- Threep*, to aver, alledge,
urge, and affirm boldly.
- Thrimal*, to press or squeeze
thre' with difficulty.
- Thud*, a blast, blow, storm,
or the violent sound of
these. *Cry'd beb at ilka
thud*; i. e. gave a groan
at every blow.
- Tid*, tide or time; proper
time; as, *He took the tid*.
- Tift*, good order, health.
- Tine*, to lose. *Tint*, lost.
- Tinsel*, loss.
- Tip* or *tippony*, ale sold for
2d. the Scots pint.
- Tirl*, or *tir*, to uncover a
house, or undress a per-
son; strip one naked.
Sometimes a short action
is named a *Tirle*; as, *They
took a tirl of dancing, drink-
ing, &c.*
- Titty*, sister.
- Tocher*, portion, dowry.
- Tod*, a fox.
- Tooly*, to fight. A fight or
quarrel.
- Toom*, empty; applied to a
barrel, purse, house, &c.
- Item*, to empty.
- Tosh*, right, neat,
- Tosie*, warm, pleasant, half
fuddled.
- To the fore*, in being, alive,
unconsumed.
- Touse* or *touste*, to rump'e,
tease.
- Tout*, the sound of a horn or
trumpet.
- Tow*, a rope. A Tyburn
neck-lace, or St John-
stoun ribband.

Towmond, a year or twelve-month.

Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.

Trig, neat, handsome.

Troke, exchange.

True, to true, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae?* or *Love gars me true ye.*

Truf, steal.

Tryst, appointment.

Turs, turfs, truss.

Twin, to part with, or separate from.

Twitch, touch.

Twinters, sheep of two years old.

Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.

Tynd, vide *Teen*.

Tyst, entice, stir up, allure.

U.

UGG, to detest, hate, nauseate

Ugsome, hateful, nauseous, horrible.

Umwibile, the late, or deceased some time ago. Of old.

Undocht or *wandocht*, a silly weak person.

Uneith, not easy.

Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed.

Unko or *unco*, uncouth, strange.

Unloofome, unlovely.

Fougy, elevated, proud. That boasts or brags of any thing.

W.

WAD or *wad*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would.

Waff, wandering by itself.

Wak, moist, wet.

Wale, to pick and chuse.

The Wale i. e. the best.

Wallop, to move swiftly, with much agitation.

Wally, chosen, beautiful, large. *A bonny wally*, i. e. a fine thing.

Wame, womb.

Wandought, want of dought, impotent.

Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace.

War, worse.

Warlock, wizard.

Wat or *wit*, to know.

Waught, a large draught.

Waughts, drinks largely.

Wee, little; as, *A wanton wee thing*.

Wean or *wae ane*, a child.

Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.

Weer, to stop or oppose.

Weir, war.

Weird, fate or destiny.

Weit, rain.

Wersb, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.

Whauk, whip, beat, flog.

Whid, to fly quickly. *A whid* is a hasty flight.

Whilk, which.

Whilly, to cheat. *Whilly-waka*, a cheat.

- Whingeing*, whining, speaking with a doleful tone.
Whins, furze.
Whisbt, hush. Hold your peace.
Whisk, to pull out hastily.
Whomilt, turned upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active; item, a man or person.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winsom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large; we say, *My winsom love*.
Wirrykoro, a bugbear.
Wisent, parched, dry, withered.
Wistle, to exchange money.
Witbershins, cross motion, or against the sun.
Woo or *W*, wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, *z, a, e, w*; (*i. e.*) Is it all one wool?
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! strange! wonderful!
Wreaths (of snow), when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.
Wyfing, inclining. *To wyse*, to lead, train.
Wyson, the gullet.
Wyt, to blame. *Blame*.

Y.

- Y Amph*, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.
Yealtou, yea wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yesk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Youidith, youthfulness.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmas.

